THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

HOPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Morning kissed a dewy flower,
Flushed upon its bonny spray;
Zephyrs lingered near its bower,
Tasting its sweet breath away:
Sunny hours were cloud around it;
Perfume's loveliness was shed it;
Nature's sweetest love-tones, stealing,
Shed their softness, lady loving,
Making all the spell-bright o'er it
Passion-bound with gifts of love,
Breathing from a higher sphere
Tones the silent soul to move.

Change came o'er its gentle brightness,
Ere the morning's dew was dried;
Quenched its breathing spirit's brightness,
Morning's love lay pale and dead!
Zephyrs wept no longer o'er it—
Love-drops could not then restore it;
Perfume's spirit sighed in vain,
When the fleeting dew-wreath passed;
Nature lamented its untuning,
Lovely yet 'mid loneliness,
O'er the lifeless thing it bore among,
Blighted when it breathed to bless.

Hope! my is not such thy being,
Waking with the morning's first,
Brightest gush of gladness, flowing
Ere the curtains leave the west—
Dreams that all their radiance caught
From thy mirror-gush of thought;
From the first impassioned ray
Starting every spray,
Silently all, in their sleep,
As the flowerets hears are shed,
As in sweetest breathings blended
With each breeze that rectines fled.

Kingston, S. C., 1845.

Original Novelette.

CAROLINE MORGAN.

A Tale of '76.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER XII.

Perhaps no event in the Revolutionary War has been more the subject of speculation and conjecture than the Battle of Bunker Hill—or more correctly, of Breed's Hill. It is entitled to all the importance to which the American, the Christian and the Patriot, which has been accorded to it. There was a victory gained in the conception of the event to arise, and another in the accomplishment. A leading for the leaders of the Revolutionary army to entice the British troops to make their main onset upon the redoubt at this station; it was high courage in undisciplined militia to attempt the carrying out of an order which at that juncture must have made one shudder at its temerity, and it was reckless defiance in those labor and toil-worn men, fasting and weak, to provoke the encounter with those who were about to await with mark calmness the approach of a disciplined army, and who were in a cool, cautious and deliberate bravery, which elicited from veteran officers of the enemy, the highest commendation.

Intelligence had been received in the American camp, that, tired of his very close quarters in Boston and willing to make some demonstration which should give a step forward indicative of his investing party, and perhaps compel the abandonment of the siege to which Boston had been subjected since the British soldiers were driven to Bunker Hill, Gen. Gage was about to post a detachment of troops on Bunker's Hill. To allow the enemy thus to fortify themselves without the city, would have given them advantages in many points, which the American army could not permit, or allow. Information of this design would be beside, have been the gratification to the impudent opinion that the "contemptible army" of a breed, fitted only for harassing a retreating army, could not withstand the regular scientific approaches and movements of their foe. The loyalists and the British officers supposed the Americans a mere mob; and it was necessary that the regulars should come out of their imprisonment, and demonstrate that their boast in regular operations would put all the undisciplined multitude to flight.

And on the other hand, it was of vital consequence to the continental army, and the cause of freedom, that the contemplated encampment of the British General should be met and check-mated. Therefore it was that Col. Prescott was ordered to take possession of Bunker Hill, as advance of the movements of the British. By some misunderstanding or mistake of orders, as all readers of American History are aware, Breed's and not Bunker's Hill, on which the Americans commenced their works, nor did their operations begin until about midnight. All of the delays, and the discovery of events which one would fancy naturally to grow from them, there was, however, no confusion. Every man in the army was impressed with the necessity of the cause in which he was enlisted, and the high importance of the night's work before them.

The gray of the dawn had hardly given way in morning twilight when our old friend Jake shouted to Caroline—"There comes, with Gen. Gage's compliments!" A sudden light shone as he spoke on the river—there came on the ear a dull boom! and as the echoes gave it back from the hills the ball fell from the gun of a man-of-war in the river scattered the earth and stones over the backs of the sleeping workmen in the trench. "Ah! ha!" said Jake to his lodgment, "Sarah, resuming his pick and spade as if the cannon were a tune of welcome—"We ought to do another day's work, before you throw the grand over us!"

Another, and another gun and then a whole broadside! And soon from all the shipping, from the floating batteries, and from all the British fortifications whose guns could be brought to bear, a tremendous cannonading and bombardment was kept up. The sides of the hill were furrowed with the shot, which came around and penetrating up in succession, and over and about the entire visible vicinity of the hill would fly over the heads of the entrenched patriots. Now the missiles struck the freshly thrown up works, and now they fell or lodged in the midst of the laborers. Still they toiled on without food other than their excitement —without refreshment, other than hope, until noon, and all the many demonstrations of the British to treatment against them, failed to do any other mischief than to send one poor fellow to his last account, and to wound and bruise a few others. Col. Prescott declared that he was scandalized at such a waste of ammunition, and ordered that not a gun or a shot should be fired except in the right hands.

Not a shot was returned from Bunker's Hill. The men, to the number of about 1,000, worked on relentless cannonading, pursued their work, making the most of every moment, and hoping from hour to hour, the arrival of the relief which they so much needed. At length came a re-inforcement; but in the necessary uselessness of imperfect organization the soldiers who had toiled all night in throwing up the defences on the heights, were permitted to defend them without the relief of food to their exhausted bodies. But their mates sustained themselves filled with the ardor of patriotism, and the high purposes of freemen, they awaited, unflinching, the charge which it was now apparent the British forces were about to make. More smoke and noise, however hurriedly kept up, had failed to drive away the "handfull of cottagers," as the British officers termed the continentals. Nay these cottagers had, in their rashness attempted an enterprise at which a veterans would have hesitated to impartcipate, and they were prepared to stand by it with the tenacity of men who did not know when they were defeated!

Great indeed was the marvel which the fortification of Breed's Hill during the night caused, not only among the British army, but in the towns of Boston and Charlestown, and still there was no sewer from the Yankee works, though the British troops had passed over, and were forming for an attack on the redoubt. Then, and still there was no movements which one would fancy naturally to grow from them, there was, however, no confusion. Every man was prepared with the necessity of the cause in which he was enlisted, and the high importance of the night's work before them.

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To retain to the redoubt. At the third attack, as we have already remarked, the deficiency of ammunition prevented the same successful defence as at the two first. Yet not the less firmly stood the Patriots had not even bayonets, to repel the charge, but clubbed their muskets—many caught up stones and dashed them in the faces of the trembling Britons at their approach. The British soldiers mounted the breast-work —and among the first was Major Pitcairn, so active at Lexington, but he sprang up, he waved his sword, and shrieked—

"The day is ours!"

"Fellow, you lie, mean!" shouted old Jacob, who with one arm bearing useless by his side, stood on his gun with the other hand, and stood out of the direct line of the enemies' fire, apparently a calm spectator. The last charge in the gun of one of the Lexington patriots had sent the officer who first fell on the Americans, to his last account.

And now the enemy press furiously forward to seize the spot, the defence of which had cost the assailants so much blood. The strife was hand to hand—but Oh how unequal! Superior arms, and the flash of success gave the British soldiers valor and strength, while conscious weakness, and exhausted muskets only, to ward off bayonet thrusts, were disadvantages which the patriots struggled against with the energy of despair.

There were in the British ranks a large number of Tories who were of the Royal cause, or perhaps, whose equivocal standing carried them into the battle. Among these, of course, was Captain Brenton. He sought, even in that hour, the gratification of his personal enmities, and chance conducted him where the Woodlanders, his old foes passions, were manfully contending against fearful odds. The joy of a fiend glazed in his eyes as he caught through the thread of Horace Low—and the life of that gallant young man was about to be paid as the penalty of his advancement over his rival, when the one arm against three, of which we have spoken. Swinging his musket with almost superhuman strength, he broke the charge of Brenton and the shock threw the traitor to the earth.

The patriots now gave way, and left the enemy in possession of the redoubt. As they rushed on with the blind impetus of a crowd when their anticipated resistance is suddenly withdrawn, the heels of the fugitives tripped and the inglorious fate of the rebels, the treacherous and unbelieving rewarded. He died a thousand deaths—and Oh how terrible!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Original Poem.

THE LAST OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LEYDON BARD.

I don't know what, and fear to find
More ere you grow a better boy mind,
Fare shows thy face: sometimes we do not own
What is decreed unto us, and the lot so.

Two Old Plays.

The moon poured down her flood of golden light,
Upon the lovely plains of Mexico,
The royal city stood in its pride,
Upon its solemn splendor from the sea,
Where the proud Montezumas held their state,
And the descendants of the Aztec race
Were gathered in their temples to adore
Their bloody god, Huitzilopochtli.
The morn poured down her flood of golden light,
Upon the lovely plains of Mexico,
The royal city stood in its pride,
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Huitzilopochtli.

Yawl'tik Phyllt.

Original Tales.

A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARC EYEGREEN, AUTHOR OF "THE WEEPING WILLOW," "THE COTTAGE OF THE VALLEY, &c. &c.

"Gim reader! did you ever see a ghost?
No, but you're heard,—I understand, he dumb,
And don't regret the time that you have lost,
For you have got that pleasure yet to come."

Don Juan.

"The only ghost I ever saw," said my father, and there he made a dead step.

There were six of us in all, that is, two sisters, three brothers,—among whom I numbered one,—and my father. It was a fine clear winter night without the moon, but shining, the stars were shining, and on thousand little sicicles in every variety of shape and form were shining also. Within the scene was different, a very bright coal fire burned in the grate, an argand lamp shed a flood of softened light from the mantle-piece; around the former, a tolerably correct segment of a circle was formed by five chairs, on which we five were seated. Beside them, and in full view of the fire, stretched out on a sofa lay my father.

"The only ghost I ever saw,"—these words were said in between the pause of a conversation, which we were holding upon the interesting subjects of "demonology and witchcraft," and had the instant effect of reducing us to a dead silence of expectation—but my father did not get on. There was a considerable pause, during which we could hear the ticking of the tall, grim looking clock in the corner, the whistle of the draught up the chimney, and even the beating of our own hearts, but nothing else.

My sister Mary's curiosity prompted her to break the silence first

"So you really did see a ghost, father?" said she.

For a moment he made no reply, and then instead of answering in the affirmative, he—but stop, I must say a word on another subject first.

My father is the most remarkable man alive.

Now, for the sake of the jest, I would just like to have the magic of Jack Horner at the trail for which you presume he is remarkable.

Nor, that is not it—though my father is a great reader.

Nor that either,—for though a man of very good information, it does not lie in my particular branch.

Nor that—but you may as well stop, you'll never guess if you tried a thousand years. I'll tell you—my father is remarkable for his sleeping abilities. Understand me: I don't mean that there are not many, and renown too, who in point of time, can out sleep him,—who can take their afternoon nap somewhere, go to bed earlier, and lie later, than with the best can give a feather for any man, but for sleeping at the shortest notice,—for talking to you wouldn't this moment, and dreaming of the *Lord knows* who the next,—I defy the world to produce his equal. And now you probably know the nature of the subject which Mary received in her question. Yes, instead of the expected,—Oh, yes, and I'll tell you all about it," a long, deep, sonorous groan, and a shrill of disappointment to the heart of every one of his listeners.

A pretty smart chorus of "How provokings," "Did you ever," with several etcetras, followed this demonstration of my father's situation, and were in their turn succeeded by another blast from his nasal trumpet, like the solemn sound of a bass fiddle in an orchestra, and then we mutually looked at each other, as to say, "what shall we do?"

There seemed to be but one alternative in the case that is in case we wanted to hear his story,—"Wake him," was the general cry.

Now my father did not like to be waked, nor was it so many matter to do it, however, it was to be done, and I was deputed to the task. I approached him cautiously—called him; no answer. I shook him first gently, at last smartly, and at length he opened his eyes on me with a sleepy, unmeaning stare.

"Dear father," said I,—I felt bound to be dutiful, "we are all eager to hear that story about the ghost, and do you know, you are actually going to sleep!"

Ah! said he, moving himself on his elbow, "oh, yes, certainly, certainly. But Mare, my boy, I believe I am sleepy. Have a very long yawn fully established the truth of his belief.

But never mind," continued he. "You see that drawer (I every day's experience) at the side near the door?" the key is on the table, open it, and in another you will find a—you will find the—the—heaven's sake, what is that somewhere startling annunciation my father gently sank to a recumbent posture, and, for the second time that evening, sank to sleep.

I need scarcely say that we lost little time in following his directions. Scarce two minutes had elapsed until we had failed up from among a confused mass of papers a dingy looking manuscript, which, from its superscription, we took to be that which we sought,—and in the same confusion, we have been at some trouble to obtain a copy of it for your especial use, unknown to him but I have got it at length.

I would merely premise, that I believe it to have been the production of some learned hoax of his youthful days—many one who would know very little of his character, nor this reason also I am inclined to believe the story a true one.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

It is a melancholy consideration to those who value what is dearest to them, that the ties of nature and the mysterious that ac civilization advances with its matter-of-fact theory of life, all those ingenuity beings, who once peopled hill and valley, lake and stream, gradually disappear. No more on midsummer's night, or all-hollow-eve, do the fairy band trace out in the silver moonlight, in bewilder such poor mortals as may chance to fall within their influence. No longer do shented ghosts walk in white sheets hour of one, striking terror into the guilty heart, and characterizing, by their interference, the existence of some long hidden wrong. Beings of this interest absolute, which we are now considered with the things that were,—even the visits of old classic, himself, have lately become the *single visits*, few and far between, the some sceptical individuals have affected to doubt their existence and together scorn altogether as a thing to be regretted that mankind has not become a whit less naughty on that account. The more I think upon the subject the more do I feel inclined to come to the conclusion that *steamboats have spoiled poetry*, and *railroads have ruined romance*, no presuming reader will agree with me, I drop the subject.

And now for the tale, which, if on that account be considered to believe, dear reader, remember that many one, who were and are yet, accounted sufficiently wise have believed more wonderful things than those which I am about to tell.

About a stone-throw—which, as a very variable distance, I do not compromise my veracity by naming—the said distance, as I take it, depending considerably on the force with which the stone is thrown—stood a stone throw from the place where I was born, stood, and I suppose stands the ancient, time-worn, hereditary feudal castle of the Marquis of ——. It was a fine specimen of castellated Gothic architecture, with moat and draw-bridge all complete, only that the time I speak of, the former was pretty dry, and the latter would certainly have required some repairing, to have rendered it of any further use than to walk over.

The building stood among the summit of a gentle hill, which sloped down on three sides into a magnificent wood, and on the other was bounded by a beautiful sheet of water, which always lay calm and smooth as a mirror, except when the south western winds came down from the hills in autumn, breaking up the dreamy beauty into waves, which I often saw, as I lay under the shades of the trees that skirted the banks—compared to a band of harpy fiends locked in children of hope loose from school of a summer afternoon, and sporting on the grassy lawn.

The noble owner had not for years honored his place with a visit, and no one seemed to harbor an idea of the slightest possibility of such a thing, when the present baron—keeper, and sheriff, after the whole neighborhood were thrown into a fever of excitement by a note from the agent, one bright August morning, conveying the unexpected intelligence of the intention of the Marquis to spend the shooting season on his domain. Workmen of every description were instantly in demand—painters, carpenters, paper hangers, and in fact artisans of every sort, were instantly at work in an endeavor to modernize as far as possible the exterior of the building. The hall all had for years lain quiet, was now looked upon but the suite of rooms which communicated with it, were glad at intervals by the sound of hammering and sawing, and which had from time immemorial been accustomed to nothing more remarkable than the occasional visit of the venerable and tidy female housekeeper, were now thrown into a state of confusion by the introduction of new furniture, and the majestic trees around. It was the custom of the workmen, who were from a town some miles distant, to go home through the brook of the building at the close of their labors, and on the evening of the first return to their homes at its close, leaving the place on Saturday night and Sundays to the care of such watchmen as the agent should prevail on to stay. This again was in the custom of inviting some one or two of the youths around, to bear them company—which they generally made emphatically a "night of it" an invitation was accounted no small favor.

I was among the favored ones, and it was with no slight feeling of gratification, and certainly with large expectations of fun, that on a certain Saturday evening, in company with another, a school fellow, I found myself within sight of the castle, in very good by the party who formed the watch for the night. We reached the place and found our friends, who it happened were only two in number, the sexton and carpenter, who had been left in charge on a very plentiful and inviting supper, which with no small skill they had themselves prepared for the occasion. While we were discussing the good things, which can be in no way interesting to the reader, I will just take the opportunity to describe to you my companions, and something of the interior of the house to which I beg the attention of the reader. Both one found in time gone by had been my school mates, so I know them well, they were fine hearted careless fellows, with a spice of dare-devilism in their composition, which rendered them much better friends than enemies. Their names were Harry Stanly and Fred Parker. My companion from the village was of a different stamp. Will Wilson was as simple a country lad as one could well find in a summer day's travel. His homely, honest face, characterized by a shock of red hair, was generally devoid of any expression save one of honest simplicity, which was a subject—and less mostly to the fun of his comrades will, always accused to him a kind of friendly respect. All ply his sensible nature was not such enough to appreciate as might have disarmed any companionable tormentors, but his companions were not often of that kind, and he was left to seclude and meditate in much safety. Indeed, I had reason to believe that on the present occasion, he was invited for the purpose of affording us a little fun at his expense, but if it were so,—verily he had his revenge. So much for the party; and now for the house.

It was built in the form of the letter A, and was situated at one side of the great stairway, and had in other words, two sections placed as a set at set-suite hall. Every room in each section was of the same description, and which I propose to you to describe. The first room on the ground floor, on entering the building, was a large one of gloom and mystery in its appearance, and certainly not calculated to inspire confidence in the stranger in this place, having been sent, from England to superintend the erection of the northern portion of the building. It had brought with it very beautiful woman as his wife, whether she was so or not was rumored very doubtful by his subordinate behaviour to her. At first she appeared frequently in the neighborhood, but this practice was soon discontinued. When they had been on the place about a year, the intelligence was conveyed to the villagers at her having given birth to a son. Neither her nor the child, however, were ever seen afterwards, and common report carried abroad whispers of foul dealing towards them by her husband, if such he was. He this as it might, he was was openly proclaimed about a month after, together with that of her child; there was a splendid funeral, and shortly after the steward took his departure for England. He never returned; but tales were soon current through the country, respecting the place themselves and the fate of the wife and child, seen by the old domestics. One man, in particular, who had been in the service of the family for years, had seen them, several times, a woman with wan and wasted looks, walking at the hour of midnight, with a child in her arms, from the stairway to the room, and from his fine lips were tales falling, disjointed and broken sentences, such as—Oh, my God have mercy!—Oh, Lord!—Oh, sweet saints!—Heaven forgive—or some such words of terror, which, while less glazed and ghastly eyes glaring as if they would start from their sockets, gave him a truly horrid appearance.

"Boys!" said Stanly almost fiercely, "it may be that some one is playing us a trick, though how that person could have got in with every thing intended, I don't know. Now if it be a human being who keeps that door closed, he cannot hold it against us three, so put your shoulders to it both of you, and I'll do the same, if we do catch any one, I don't care who, we'll make it a joke to him that he will remember as long as he lives." He said these last words aloud, as if to give the person a warning of what he should get if found out. A low laugh, apparently proceeding from the interior of the chamber, was the only answer. Stanly put the candle down on the floor, and placing ourselves abreast we rushed with all our force against the door; it was precisely firm and did not move as the least.

"Try it again," said he, "now boys, a steady push."

We placed ourselves against it and pushed with all our might;—the massive door yielded—opened suddenly and a yard.

"Now then, my lads,—now we have them!" screamed Stanly

But our words were scarcely spoken ere the door was dashed back in our faces, in despite of our strength, and apparently as much ease as it had been set open with only one pushing.

This completely damped our energy

"In the name of God, what are you?" said Stanly, at the determination of his companions.

No answer, but the door moved slightly.

Again he conquered it, by every form of which he could think, to defeat itself; again the door turned slightly, but still no answer.

Then we yielded the contest, and placed his hand on the door—not yielded to our efforts, but swung it away back smoothly on its hinges until it struck the wall. The room was empty.

Holding the candle above his head, Stanly entered. We followed him dragging the half dead Joe along with us, for that one was in a place from on a bed, for he was utterly incapable of motion. The next was to examine the room. This room was unlike the one we had left, in being comparatively small, so that the light at once illuminated every part of it. Parker stationed himself at the door, with a heavy bar of iron in his hand, to prevent any one going out that way, while Stanly and I commenced the search. We began at the door and went round, we did not leave a hole that a squirrel could hide in, that we did not search. We probed and hammered the wainscot, to assure ourselves that there were no secret doors but all was perfect. Then we searched the door again on the other side, and then we made a general search all over. We had now no other alternative than to believe that the door had really been in the room, and that he had been entrapped by himself.

"Parker, you may as well shut the door, said Stanly, at length, "and let us go to bed."

Parker went, and we heard him examine Joe who had fallen into a sort of sleep. An exclamation, half prayer, half oath, caused us to turn quickly round, there stood Parker, with his hand upon Joe and before him—not he's a specter,—but the two rooms of all our disquietude, in the shape of the landlord of the neighborhood, a broad shouldered, double jointed Sampson of a blacksmith, who might have held the door against a dozen such strippers as us.

"Ha, ha, ha! my larkies! did I frighten you?" continued he, "I thought I could do it pretty nearly, ha, ha, ha!"

It wouldn't be exactly polite to say what Stanly said, but what he did was to shake Joe from fainting, and deal him a blow that would have broken any other man's wall. It stunned and knocked down Joe, and with one accord we began pelting the landlord, and began to pommel him most commercially

It was at this moment, I believe, that Joe recovered his senses, and the spectacle which presented itself to him capped the climax of his terror. Seeing us closely struggling with some one whom he could not distinctly see, he imagined that the ghost had come to settle the clothes of Satan at last. Arming himself with a poker, he sprang at the landlord, and springing through the door dashed down the dark stairway. We could hear him, as flight he fought his passage to the bottom, and at short intervals repeating his fearful cries. Even after he had gained the outside of the house we could hear him—until then—struggling with some one whom he could not distinctly see, but the spectacle which presented itself to him capped the climax of his terror. Seeing us closely

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposits it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. Such receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master will remit the money, if deposited, in time to report the amount paid in the July or January returns of the quarter, to the Auditor, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Publisher. The name of the person to be paid is to be given to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, and the acknowledgment of the deposit of money to the Post Master at the place where the name is payable, is not authorized to frank either of said letters.

The following is a form of the receipt which or ay be addressed to the Publisher

Post Office, *Haltier, Pa., September 15, 1845.*
Received from *John Hatter*, ten dollars in the *Country* money, to be paid to the Publisher, "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged my self with the amount; this paid me is my authority for so doing. (Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

The Publisher will pay the same in the Publisher, or the person his or their receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

** E. T. F. Esq. for acknowledgments. The letter to which he refers was duly received and disposed of according to its contents.

** We have several tales and poems on hand, for which we shall find a space at the earliest possible day; and some which we cannot admit at all. It is not necessary that we specify them particularly, as the writers, by curiosity seeking will find out their contributions in a manner made them by public advertisement. Delay in publication must not, however, be taken in all cases, for rejection, as the quantity of MSS. received opposite us to "make hens slowly."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

This will be a good year for wheat, it is finished, was the remark of a foreign traveller, upon an American town. He might have made the same remark upon almost any American town or city—as grass is the contrast between the continual progress and innovations of this country and the dull, stationary aspects of old European places. And, by the way, we know no neighborhood in the country which seems more in a state of prosperous unfriendliness than the good city of Penn, and the country in which it is situated. In almost every street are so many improvements going forward, that we scarce or our perscrutinize, but, in our simplicity leader as to waste made then by public advertisement. Delay in publication must not, however, be taken in all cases, for rejection, as the quantity of MSS. received opposite us to "make hens slowly."

The clan of tweedy-pating buildings up, before the ear catches the thrifty music in new directions. By the way improvements is contagious as witness the above line of Shakspeare. *Improved.*

Notwithstanding the number of buildings now erecting, there is every evidence, in the confident and increasing demand, that the supply will fall upon exceeding be nonsufficient. It is usually the case that new houses are let before finished, and indeed many are contracted for before the foundations are laid, or even the cellars dug. The cheering condition of trade and business which these things evidence is based, not upon speculation, or nervous excitement, but upon a healthful current, current with gradual gain, and not despising small and constant profits. Such is the only true agent in a really business should be founded. All men cannot be Napoleons in trade, any more than Napoleons in war.

What we have said of the business prospects of Philadelphia will apply, we believe, with little exception, to almost every part of the United States. The harvest, however, in some districts, the copper-rosses for instance, symptoms of the speculative epidemic. The mine will be busy here they give way to dangerous trapdoors, for a penny saved, earned, by actual labor or production, is better than a penny gained in the dark, with the risk of it becoming liable for twice the stake, in the event of failure.

The war news, this week, is no news at all. All the bellicose manifestations of the Mexican threaters seem to have resulted in smoke—a "lame and impotent conclusion" for which much of the readers of the Post as believed in our editorial infallibility, were not unprepared. Our prophecies are common-sense grounded, in part upon Mexico itself, and the present condition of that country, and in part upon observation of the Spanish-American character, and the hybrid races which make up the republics which sprang from Spanish colonies. Their fighting, as the fuss is done on paper, and by manifestos. They can take sweeps between charges, and when they kill any body, it is the exception.

The newspapers are publishing a statement, on the authority of a Paris correspondent of Lieutenant Wells, that "rumors are daily acquiring importance that an understanding is the matter of Queen Victoria. It is said that the trips, journeys, and spectacles with which the monarchy entertain her are intended to prepare the tendency to alteration of mind which she has more than once betrayed. Of course the genuine bias of opinion of the consort is known, have not publicly transpired. The genuine fact of the insanity of George III might be doubtless sufficient to originate the rumor, and a thought, once entertained, seldom fails to find confirmatory circumstances.

But reasoning speculation as to the truth or falsehood of the rumor, let us look a single moment to a view of the subject which is more pertinent to our condition, as connected with Kings, Queens, and others favored by birth, are usually regarded as objects of envy, and sometimes of compassion, as unhappy than other persons whom accident has not placed in an exalted position. But the indelicate publicity attendant upon the domestic life of the head of England, to what are considered happy retirement stations, is no reflection at which a modest woman would not necessarily blush, and many an obscure but happy English and American mother has from her heart pitied the mother of royal children, when she has seen the subject of their birth made the theme of child's jests, and the topic of indelicate newspaper comments, and the joke of fleet-business meetings. But the present is a case much more painful. In private life a woman supposed or suspected to be in the danger that seems in progress of Victoria, would be so guarded by jealous affection, that the terrible secret would hardly be more than faintly and indistinctly noticed among the nearest and most intimate friends. All themes which could lead her thoughts in a direction to increase or create the morbid tendency would be carefully avoided, and by a kind, constant and child-like influence, among a few, she will might be long postponed, if not averted, and at the very worst perhaps, so concealed by her own inner herself, would be unconscious in her hard in the presence of any change in her relations to her friends. But alas for Victoria! Alas for the vanity of human greatness—the ludicrousness of mortal pomp—that the misery of the unpitied throne happens! The most powerful monarch in the world is, on a vital account, more unhappy than the meanest of her subjects. The brilliant circlet which adorns her brow, sits with its mail and rust inside—

The dance of thought, the palace of the soul—
and the voice and prompt which have aided human fancy participation to develope the diverse impressions of dashed the voice and prevent the alienation which a private happy in obscurity might escape reach.

Heaven's kind or not unequal—distinctions as to lowness of enjoyment never lose sight of the consideration, that to every rank and condition in life there are points as well as pleasures, and that what one may be cut share of the former, our enjoyment or the latter is discarded and conditioned by our own act and deed, when we permit mistaken exaggeration or point in glowing colors the happiness of another, and to aggravate in gloomy tints our own unhappiness, which, philosophically looked at, would be more than half corrected.

Touching our paper. We have mentioned at such length that we have little space to speak of the contents of The Post. We endeavored, during the last four years, to make it, on the hands beyond the first intention itself, will be conducted next week. The Haunted House will be continued, and will be pleasantly written, and if not true (as we guess it may be), very well imagined.

GOUGH, THE LECTURER.

Mr. Gough, the lecturer, has arrived in the city of New York during the latter part of last week and the beginning of the present, arising from the appointment of Wednesday next, being the 17th inst., of John B. Gough, the celebrated lecturer on temperance, and his discovery, a week afterward, in a house of ill-repute, suffering from a violent attack of delirium tremens. No event, for months, has awakened such interest. The discovery he had made of an orator, the singular circumstances attending his disappearance, and the contradictory reports in circulation respecting his condition during his protracted absence, were all calculated to excite the public mind; people were divided on the question whether he was guilty, and while the foes of temperance exulted in what they called his fall, his friends openly asserted that, by being dragged, he had been made the victim of a base conspiracy.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Gough was first a dupe, and then a willing inebriate. His own account, though it does not absolutely remove his guilt. On Friday, the 6th inst., in company with an old acquaintance, whom he met in the city, he visited a place of resort on the Schuylkill, at the upper end of the city, and there, in the presence of the latter, he drank a glass of Schuylkill water, at the urgent and insistent entreaties of the latter. While drinking he noticed a peculiar taste in the water, and, upon inquiry and the vender of the Soda Water, and immediately he felt his brain becoming dizzy, after which he remembers nothing distinctly for the whole week he was absent. So far his own story. The inmates of the house, where he was found, say that on Friday evening he came there, and went to a room, being then in a state of high excitement. He remained there from day to day, continually demanding brandy, which was as constantly refused, the establishment becoming alarmed for his life, gave the intelligence which led to his recovery by his friends. At least this is the most credible story deduced from the various contradictory reports. There is no doubt that, when discovered, Mr. Gough was laboring under an attack of *delirium tremens* and his own admission that he knew nothing for the whole week he was absent, is rendered highly probable he was, for most, if not all of that period, in a state of delirious intoxication.

Mr. Gough is under no our delinquent conviction, and as a matter of duty; but we record it in sorrow and regret. We think nothing can be gained for the cause of temperance by lowering itself to the level of a Mexican whose every act is regulated and placed on board of her all the Mexican functionaries and soldiers in that State, entered her capital to sail with them for Vera Cruz, whence she departed immediately. She had been despatched by the Mexican to levy men and money for the Texan war, but the people of Yucatan had suffered too much already from the oppressive tyranny of the Central Government. The expedition was therefore received open and carried out in the manner stated, without shedding a drop of blood. The State Government was at once changed to a National one, retaining all the republican principles which have distinguished the citizens of that State. Other states will undoubtedly rally round her standard, and every thing which we hear from Mexico shows that she has domestic difficulties enough to keep her busy.

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It is probably not known to all our readers, that after the battle of Brandywine, some four hundred wounded American soldiers were carried to the village of Ephrata, where subsequently, half their number died. They were mostly interred in one grave, with a board placed near, on which was this touching inscription, in German, "Here rest the bones of our countrymen." The spectacle must have been deeply affecting to the humane people of that region, and the following address delivered by the President of the Society, Col. Peter Grubb, to Major General Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., the orator of the day, then advanced and spoke for some time in his vascillations and engaging style, the subject matter of which we are published. Mr. Biby afterwards addressed the audience in German; and in the afternoon a historical discourse on the history of the valley, was pronounced by G. W. McElroy, Esq., of Lancaster.

Ephrata, it will be remembered, was settled by a religious sect from Germany, usually called The Seventh-Day Folks. This was in 1720.

AN HONEST RECORD!

Some recent traveller gives an account of a Chinese custom which, provided the relation be true, is highly creditable to the Celestial Empire, and that he should hourly from one potation to another, utterly regardless, because unconscious of the results. The object of the visit to the house of ill-repute, and that the world hourly runs one potation to another, utterly regardless, because unconscious of the results. The charm of Mr. Gough's eloquence consisted in his extreme sensibleness, which enabled him to give such vivid descriptions of the horrors of intemperance as to very many persons, among whom we number ourself, that it would not affect an ordinary person. Once under the influence of alcohol, nothing is more natural than that his senses should overcome him, and that he should hourly run

DEATH OF JUDGE STORY.

Joseph Story, one of the Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court, died at his residence in Cambridge, on Wednesday evening last, after several days of much suffering. His disease was stoppage of the intestines, or strangulation, as the surgeons who attended the late of Mr. Legare in Boston, in 1843. He was 66 years of age, and a graduate of Harvard College, of the class of 1798. He was appointed to the Judgeship in the year 1811, during Madison's administration, and for a period of nearly thirty-four years has occupied a seat on the bench with honor to himself and to his country.

The Boston Transcript, in noticing his decease, says that he had been for a long time on the languished for the vast amount of his learning, and the thorough understanding of all branches of the law. His works evince a profound judgment, and a varied professional skill unequalled in this country and rendered him, as England, whilst his sentiments in the belles letters have rendered his occasional writings on other subjects universally popular and attractive. In early life he possessed no pecuniary advantages, such as in these days are too frequently thought essential towards literary success, but by the force of his own mind and means and to depend upon himself solely for advancement towards fame and wealth by industry, study, and the exertion of his natural intellectual endowments, to high public dignities and to the enjoyment of much that is the meridian and close of his life both affluent and easy. His law books have yielded an income of upwards of ten thousand dollars, which official stations as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court and Dane Professor of Law in Harvard College have rendered him constantly lucrative, all which he is a man whom the public owed to honor.

AN EXPERIMENT.

A plan is about to be tried in the level lands of the West which may be feasible. A gentleman of Alton, Ill., is having a car constructed to run over the surface of the prairie, without the aid of the ordinary wheels, four feet broad, and about six feet in diameter, the rim of the car is about three feet from the ground, and will carry about 1,000 lbs. of freight at a trip, between Alton and Springfield, (70 miles) at the rate of ten miles an hour. A few days will test the matter. This road is the best that it is thought, will make an even surface and render the ground as hard as a Macadamized road.

MEXICO.

Of course we have little general, abundant of rumors during the week just passed. The latest of importance is the arrival of the Texan Minister to Washington, Ellis, and his reception by the government. These dates are from the capital of Mexico to the 13th of August, and from Vera Cruz to the 16th. It is said from Mexico that the new cabinet is considered as opposed to the war, and, also, that the Texan Minister has been received as a matter of course, and that it will be the greatest difficulty it can raise the

A REMINISCENCE.

While at Washington, during the late excitement on the annexation of Texas, it may may not be amiss to look back and see what was thought in the year 1819 of the annexation of Florida. Mr. Clay, of Lexington said, May 15, 1819, in the House of Lords—

"Of all the events that could happen at this time, there was not one which so deeply alarmed the country as the cession of Florida to the United States. The Floridas to the United States. The cession of Florida to the United States, would be to place in the hands of that power the means of subduing the British trade in the West India seas. The Floridas would enable the United States to throw themselves with the whole force of their population, in a manner, on the British islands. They would enable them to invade Jamaica, and to carry on against it the contest which they have maintained against the Empire of Mexico. No one of Europe, would have expected every mail at Vera Cruz.

From the Union we get also the following official information from the United States Camp at Corpus Christi:—

"Information from Gen. Taylor's head quarters, at Corpus Christi, has been received to the 25th to the 30th of August. Since his last despatch seven companies of the 7th infantry, under command of Col. Wood at his camp. The General speaks in complimentary terms of the conduct of Capt. Page and Nave Orleans, under the command of Major Smith. The gallant conduct of the Louisiana troops, in their early in defence of their State. President Jones has visited Gen. Taylor, so that he will be enabled to steps to organize one thousand men for service, if necessary.

Gen. Taylor has communicated to Gen. Gaines his wish not to have any more militia force send the troops to New Orleans to him, not apprehending that there will be any attack upon the Texan frontier, and that there is no news from Rio Grande. Some idle rumors are occasionally brought in from that quarter, but they are generally found to be without foundation, and therefore, that he does not think them even entitled to reporting.

From Tobasco we learn that on the 9th of August the Yucatanese under Gen. Barnen, took possession of a Mexican schooner of war, which was placed on board of her all the Mexican functionaries and soldiers in that State, entered her capital to sail with them for Vera Cruz, whence she departed immediately. She had been despatched by the Mexican to levy men and money for the Texan war, but the people of Yucatan had suffered too much already from the oppressive tyranny of the Central Government. The expedition was therefore received open and carried out in the manner stated, without shedding a drop of blood. The State Government was at once changed to a National one, retaining all the republican principles which have distinguished the citizens of that State. Other states will undoubtedly rally round her standard, and every thing which we hear from Mexico shows that she has domestic difficulties enough to keep her busy.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The American Board of Foreign Missions held its 36th anniversary at Brooklyn this week. Mr. Pettingallows presided, and an interesting address was given during the session, by President Hopkins, of Williams College, on the progress of the cause of missions. The receipts of the past year have amounted to $355,000. It has now 80 mission stations among the different heathen nations of the world, and 200 missionaries. Connected with these are 200 male and female assistants from this country, making in all, including native assistants, 1,000 persons employed in the work. Churches. Printing establishments sustained by the Board.

THE ANTI-RENTERS.

The latest intelligence from Delaware County, New York, says that the Grand Jury have found several eighty indictments, and are still at work. Many persons have been arrested, and others are known or suspected of having taken part in the Indian movements—and many more probably will be for having concluded to the purchase of land disguised for the natives, and some for interfering and tampering with a former Grand Jury, to prevent indictments. The Grand Jury of Delaware County warrants have been issued, are quietly settling with their landlords.

BACK AGAIN.

A Circular from the Secretary of the Treasury, appears in the Washington papers, which reserves the extraordinary decision, made some time since by the then Secretary, Bibb, by which coffee in Netherlands vessels was admitted into the ports of the United States on more favorable terms than when brought in our own vessels. The decision met with the earnest remonstrance of merchants, but without effect.

GREEN, THE MURDERER.

Green, convicted of the murder of his wife has been executed at Albany. He died a bold confession, assigning as his motive for the deed, his intention to marry another. He first administered laudanum to his wife, with a view to her destruction, and then, with arsenic.

New York City.

Gen. George Arate—Since writing the editorial article in another column, in reference to Mr. Gough, we have learned that a subscription has been set on foot in this city for the benefit of the family of the late Gen. Arate, who has been given to the chief of police by two of the officers. It seems that he went to the canal granaries of Mr. Walter on Friday night; a young female was standing on the stoop, whom he accosted, and passed in; he was perfectly intimate with the keeper. He and the female continued to do so that night and the next day. Saturday evening, the officers arrested them, and found a considerable amount of property secured in different places. The female was taken home to the station house, where she was locked up. The prisoners from Vera Cruz of the 15th, state that the Texan Minister had left the capital, and is expected to arrive at Vera Cruz.

Accounts on the following day (the 30th August) from Vera Cruz, represent that he has left, and doubt of a plan being nearly ripe to overturn the present government; and that Gen. Paredes, with the Mexican army, is marching upon Guadalajara. It is said that Gen. Paredes cares nothing about federalism, but intended to make himself dictator.

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PRECOCIOUS.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, says the Boston Times, has a child nine years old, who reads the Hebrew Bible with fluency, and all the more simple parts without previous examination, and without the aid of a lexicon. He begins to learn the language when six years old, and before he had learned Greek or Latin. He has since commenced that of the Bible in Greek; and the plan of the father is to teach him the Latin after he has mastered the Greek, thus completely reversing the order of the schools. The father of that boy is criminally foolish. He will reduce him to dotage before he reaches manhood.

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A FISH STORY.

The Ben Sherrod, of some other strange fish, was seen off Stonington, Connecticut, on the 1st instant, by the captain and crew of the sloop Almeston, for the space of one hour and a half. The huge monster was first seen lying on the surface of the smooth water, a quarter of a mile distant. He was about 150 feet in length, exposed one large back edged eye, and two enormous fins or flippers. The latter body was covered with scales about the size of small. He gradually floated alongside the vessel, when all hands became alarmed, and put in their appearance on deck, with the exception of two men, who threw up his head, struck the rnerlagale with such force as to part the guys and carry away the flying jibboom, and cause the sloop to broach to, when settled away and disappeared. Such is hardly the statement published in the Rhode Island papers.

AN OMISSION.

Some of our country friends of the press put us to great inconvenience occasionally, by a curious omission. These papers are dated with the name of the village in which they are published, without any mention of the State or Territory in which that village is situated. As there is hardly a respectable name of a town which is not used in every State in the Union, and as some names of towns are found in different counties in the same State, we require to know "all the particulars." It is a loss of time to examine advertisements to discover what ought to appear on the face of the paper; and time with us cite, is money.

A SWINDLER.

A fellow named Wm. Hall, has been arrested in this city on Monday, and owns to having committed a series of large thefts in the city of Philadelphia.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Established Church of England—Its Statistics—Tracts Reform in Temperance—Rich Dissenting Ministers—Statistics—Coal—Oppressions of the Poor—Forrest—His Performances—Wealth—Miserliness—Anecdotes—Items of Gossip—Railroads—Prices of Russia—English Travellers—Punctual Steamers, &c.

Bristol, England, August 22, 1845.

I have already written you that the Socialism is evidently laid for several important reforms, such as abolition of the Corn Laws, of the law of primogeniture, and of the power of the Lords, and that the approaching when a reform will infallibly take place in the Established Church, or rather in its Government. The Bishops, who are the most compelling person of the different creeds to pay Church Rates—small and trifling though they are—cannot but feel that, when the Dissenters shall refuse the income of the clergy should certainly be remedied.

The Church of England is the State Church of a village, with little or nothing to do, should receive his £2,000 or £3,000 a year, while another of equal learning, Neither he I charge are unlike unbelievers upon the clergy as a body. The fact is that the evils complained of ought to be remedied, are the growth of age—in many instances to be found in the increased value of property since the period of the Tudors. The Church of England is certainly in the necessity which appeared to exist in those periods for an *established* Church, but which as certainly does not exist now, in the more enlightened nineteenth century. It should be remembered that the revenues of the Church of England are larger than the revenues of any Church on earth. They are estimated to be, every resource included, upwards of £50,000,000 a year. The annual revenue of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1843, was £30,000, of the Archbishop of York, £15,000, of the Bishop of London, £12,000, of Durham, £6,791, Winchester, £9,103, &c. &c., while the revenue of the Bishop of Rochester was only £1,000. The expenditures among the clergy are greater, and it is therefore manifest that the time has arrived for a more just distribution of the vast wealth of the Church, and a complete change in tithes and church-rates. Such reforms may be expected in time.

Sir John Guest, one of the great "Iron Kings," recently presented a Report to the Inspect Duties of the Poor Law Board Jury have found several eighty indictments, and are still at work. Many persons have been arrested, and others are known or suspected of having taken part in the Indian movements—and many more probably will be for having concluded to the purchase of land disguised for the natives, and some for interfering and tampering with a former Grand Jury, to prevent indictments. The Grand Jury of Delaware County warrants have been issued, are quietly settling with their landlords.

BACK AGAIN.

A Circular from the Secretary of the Treasury, appears in the Washington papers, which reserves the extraordinary decision, made some time since by the then Secretary, Bibb, by which coffee in Netherlands vessels was admitted into the ports of the United States on more favorable terms than when brought in our own vessels. The decision met with the earnest remonstrance of merchants, but without effect.

GREEN, THE MURDERER.

Green, convicted of the murder of his wife has been executed at Albany. He died a bold confession, assigning as his motive for the deed, his intention to marry another. He first administered laudanum to his wife, with a view to her destruction, and then, with arsenic.

New York City.

Gen. George Arate—Since writing the editorial article in another column, in reference to Mr. Gough, we have learned that a subscription has been set on foot in this city for the benefit of the family of the late Gen. Arate, who has been given to the chief of police by two of the officers. It seems that he went to the canal granaries of Mr. Walter on Friday night; a young female was standing on the stoop, whom he accosted, and passed in; he was perfectly intimate with the keeper. He and the female continued to do so that night and the next day. Saturday evening, the officers arrested them, and found a considerable amount of property secured in different places. The female was taken home to the station house, where she was locked up. The prisoners from Vera Cruz of the 15th, state that the Texan Minister had left the capital, and is expected to arrive at Vera Cruz.

Accounts on the following day (the 30th August) from Vera Cruz, represent that he has left, and doubt of a plan being nearly ripe to overturn the present government; and that Gen. Paredes, with the Mexican army, is marching upon Guadalajara. It is said that Gen. Paredes cares nothing about federalism, but intended to make himself dictator.

The Texan Chiefs, have particularly called his attention to the subject. Since his last despatch seven companies of the 7th infantry, under command of Col. Wood at his camp. The General speaks in complimentary terms of the conduct of Capt. Page and Nave Orleans, under the command of Major Smith. The gallant conduct of the Louisiana troops, in their early in defence of their State. President Jones has visited Gen. Taylor, so that he will be enabled to steps to organize one thousand men for service, if necessary.

Gen. Taylor has communicated to Gen. Gaines his wish not to have any more militia force send the troops to New Orleans to him, not apprehending that there will be any attack upon the Texan frontier, and that there is no news from Rio Grande. Some idle rumors are occasionally brought in from that quarter, but they are generally found to be without foundation, and therefore, that he does not think them even entitled to reporting.

From Tobasco we learn that on the 9th of August the Yucatanese under Gen. Barnen, took possession of a Mexican schooner of war, which was placed on board of her all the Mexican functionaries and soldiers in that State, entered her capital to sail with them for Vera Cruz, whence she departed immediately. She had been despatched by the Mexican to levy men and money for the Texan war, but the people of Yucatan had suffered too much already from the oppressive tyranny of the Central Government. The expedition was therefore received open and carried out in the manner stated, without shedding a drop of blood. The State Government was at once changed to a National one, retaining all the republican principles which have distinguished the citizens of that State. Other states will undoubtedly rally round her standard, and every thing which we hear from Mexico shows that she has domestic difficulties enough to keep her busy.

EPHRATA CEREMONIES.

It is probably not known to all our readers, that after the battle of Brandywine, some four hundred wounded American soldiers were carried to the village of Ephrata, where subsequently, half their number died. They were mostly interred in one grave, with a board placed near, on which was this touching inscription, in German, "Here rest the bones of our countrymen." The spectacle must have been deeply affecting to the humane people of that region, and the following address delivered by the President of the Society, Col. Peter Grubb, to Major General Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., the orator of the day, then advanced and spoke for some time in his vascillations and engaging style, the subject matter of which we are published. Mr. Biby afterwards addressed the audience in German; and in the afternoon a historical discourse on the history of the valley, was pronounced by G. W. McElroy, Esq., of Lancaster.

Ephrata, it will be remembered, was settled by a religious sect from Germany, usually called The Seventh-Day Folks. This was in 1720.

AN HONEST RECORD!

Some recent traveller gives an account of a Chinese custom which, provided the relation be true, is highly creditable to the Celestial Empire, and that he should hourly from one potation to another, utterly regardless, because unconscious of the results. The charm of Mr. Gough's eloquence consisted in his extreme sensibleness, which enabled him to give such vivid descriptions of the horrors of intemperance as to very many persons, among whom we number ourself, that it would not affect an ordinary person. Once under the influence of alcohol, nothing is more natural than that his senses should overcome him, and that he should hourly run

DEATH OF JUDGE STORY.

Joseph Story, one of the Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court, died at his residence in Cambridge, on Wednesday evening last, after several days of much suffering. His disease was stoppage of the intestines, or strangulation, as the surgeons who attended the late of Mr. Legare in Boston, in 1843. He was 66 years of age, and a graduate of Harvard College, of the class of 1798. He was appointed to the Judgeship in the year 1811, during Madison's administration, and for a period of nearly thirty-four years has occupied a seat on the bench with honor to himself and to his country.

The Boston Transcript, in noticing his decease, says that he had been for a long time on the languished for the vast amount of his learning, and the thorough understanding of all branches of the law. His works evince a profound judgment, and a varied professional skill unequalled in this country and rendered him, as England, whilst his sentiments in the belles letters have rendered his occasional writings on other subjects universally popular and attractive. In early life he possessed no pecuniary advantages, such as in these days are too frequently thought essential towards literary success, but by the force of his own mind and means and to depend upon himself solely for advancement towards fame and wealth by industry, study, and the exertion of his natural intellectual endowments, to high public dignities and to the enjoyment of much that is the meridian and close of his life both affluent and easy. His law books have yielded an income of upwards of ten thousand dollars, which official stations as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court and Dane Professor of Law in Harvard College have rendered him constantly lucrative, all which he is a man whom the public owed to honor.

A FISH STORY.

The Ben Sherrod, of some other strange fish, was seen off Stonington, Connecticut, on the 1st instant, by the captain and crew of the sloop Almeston, for the space of one hour and a half. The huge monster was first seen lying on the surface of the smooth water, a quarter of a mile distant. He was about 150 feet in length, exposed one large back edged eye, and two enormous fins or flippers. The latter body was covered with scales about the size of small. He gradually floated alongside the vessel, when all hands became alarmed, and put in their appearance on deck, with the exception of two men, who threw up his head, struck the maingale with such force as to part the guys and carry away the flying jibboom, and cause the sloop to broach to, when settled away and disappeared. Such is hardly the statement published in the Rhode Island papers.

AN OMISSION.

Some of our country friends of the press put us to great inconvenience occasionally, by a curious omission. These papers are dated with the name of the village in which they are published, without any mention of the State or Territory in which that village is situated. As there is hardly a respectable name of a town which is not used in every State in the Union, and as some names of towns are found in different counties in the same State, we require to know "all the particulars." It is a loss of time to examine advertisements to discover what ought to appear on the face of the paper; and time with us cite, is money.

A SWINDLER.

A fellow named Wm. Hall, has been arrested in this city on Monday, and owns to having committed a series of large thefts in the city of Philadelphia.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Established Church of England—Its Statistics—Tracts Reform in Temperance—Rich Dissenting Ministers—Statistics—Coal—Oppressions of the Poor—Forrest—His Performances—Wealth—Miserliness—Anecdotes—Items of Gossip—Railroads—Prices of Russia—English Travellers—Punctual Steamers, &c.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

All post masters are authorized to receive subscriptions and forward payment to the Publication Office.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the Postage is paid.

Payments must be made at the end of the current half year. Subscribers will be only at the option of the Publisher, if payments are not made.

Small Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our Mills.

Agents are not authorized to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts even. They will always get their papers, and be paid for.

Remittals must always come free of Postage. Letters not so sent will not be paid for, nor the paper to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. He has full power to receive subscriptions, and collect debts due us.

Mr. JAMES P. CHAMBERS, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Kentucky.

JAMES HUNT, of Cincinnati, is our Agent for Ohio.

MESSRS. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our Agents for Indiana.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Northern and Middle Districts of Illinois, and for Missouri.

Messrs. WILLIAM H. WELL, O. H. T. WELL, and JAMES WRIGHT, Jr., of Indianapolis, Ind.

THOMAS HEYDEN is our Travelling Agent for New Orleans.

WILLIAM S. PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

"Tom Owen," The Ben Hunter, Again. Messrs. Carey & Hart will publish in the course of a few weeks, under the title of "Wanderings of the Dark-Woods," a volume of sketches by the delightful writer.

The material of the sketches is found in the grand old forests of the South-West. The scenes are in the valley of the Mississippi, the lakes darkly overshadowed, which communicate with the river, in the fertile frontier settlements of Arkansas and Louisiana; and the far off prairies, stretching grandly on the Indian or the Mexican border. Though in the scene the author has given his volume is not entirely league-epistic, yet we think one more expressive of the spirit of its contents could not be found. It contains the wit, wisdom, feeling, and humor of the back-woods, in the delightful variety of character and costume, and scenery; and the habits and sagacious instincts of animals. Familiar with the author with the eye of the artist, they are seized, combined, and brought into relation with each other in the happiest manner.

Our author is a New Yorker by birth, but a Louisianian by adoption; in the latter he has passed many years. He loves the people of the South, and with good reason, he has received many proofs of their hospitality, of their generous and friendly sympathy, and the consideration in which he is held, is evidence of their appreciation of his talents. Speaking of Louisiana cherish them as they deserve. It is to be hoped that his editorial duties will not interfere with the exercise of his delightful pen; wasting, to enable him to work up the rich materials his literary experience has placed in his hands in the remote portion of our country, and designs for future study and completion.

Cutter's Complete Confectioner. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton. The first book which appears to have been published in its price, condensed in the limits of moderate pocket. This has been brought about by a combination of some of the matter, and the omission of other portions, while nothing necessary to the book has been omitted, and the arrangement of it is improved as a work of reference. The omissions include several prefaces and dedications, and also the Rules for Confectioners' Balls, which are much depreciated in value, by works of a later date, embracing the latest fashions of the day, and of Paris. The condensation is in the quotations from Scripture, which are abridged, and still left nearly entire. They are also arranged under their most obvious heads, which at once diminishes the bulk of the work, and makes it more convenient for any required purpose.

Such are the advantages, from the reduction in price, and the completeness of the work preserved from the larger edition, that many purchasers, after examining both parts of the abridged edition, will be induced to return to the religious world that a concordance the best ever issued, referring to every verse in the Bible, at the cost of a trifle more than one cent every one who desires it.

Larned's Lectures. New York: Crosby & Mc. Elrath. These lectures were delivered before the Young Men's Association in Nassau Street, in the city of New York, and are now published in a handsome octavo volume by Anthony, Edwards & Co. It is well engraved by Smith, Dick & Fraser, and has a score like and excellent likeness of the author, executed from daguerreotypes. The matter of the Magazine is various and his writing.

New Volume of Poems. We are pleased to observe that Robinson & Jones announce their intention, should orders and subscriptions be sufficiently numerous, to publish a volume of Poems, Lyrical and Miscellaneous, by L. C. Clendenning, Esquire, of Cincinnati. Many of Mr. Clen's writings have been published in the Port, and received with favor by the public. His style is a graceful and pleasant, and often a powerful writer.

The Illustrated Bible. No. 76 of Harper & Brothers' Illustrated Pictorial Bible has been received, and is the 24th chapter of Ecclesiasticus. The press successfully has spoken to high terms of the merit of this work, so far as it has yet appeared to the press, that it is difficult to speak any thing new upon it. The numbers are duly received by Zieber & Co., of Lexington, and Robert M. T. Peterson.

The Intelligencer, &c. Eclectic Gazette, is the title of a periodical issued every alternate week, in New York, by D. S. Maillefaud, M. D. It is intended to be a depository of the most valuable and interesting articles in the foreign medical journals, and we cannot imagine more desirable information for the medical practitioner than this week will afford.

Blemish on the Mind. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker. This is a book of which we have not room to say any thing more than to say that it is ably written, in answer to President Edwards' work on the Will. We shall, again, having neither time nor space to-day to do it justice.

The Rorch Fusino. By the author of the Gambler's Wife. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. Published in the Select Novels. We hear it spoken of as a work of great interest. It is favorably received by T. B. Peterson, and by Lindsay & Blakiston.

Alvin Trible. By Hilton Pickering. This is one of the last works of Mr. Pickering, a gifted young poet and an interesting tale. T. B. Peterson has it.

The Old World.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

WILLIS'S LETTERS.
NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

The Town of Abingdon—An Ancient Poor House and its Inmates—Rural Beauty—Old Age—Female Inmates—Description of the Interior—the Orphan Child Keeper—Its Affecting Incident—Children's School &c.

Rosson Vicarage, August.

My Dear Mirror:—I have promised to add my humble mite to the contributions which are pouring in to the rescue of Rosson's country drive to a neighboring town, with no other object than to see some of the old buildings, and it strikes me that one or two little matters that might escape a mind in my present state, may be worth recording. England is so paved and hedged with mother for think about, that you can scarce get a new subject for describing by the way.

I attended Sunday a very picturesque church while the ladies of my party were shopping. The town (Abingdon) is a handsome old place, with a central old place, with the houses all throwing at each other across the gutters, and built of a warm colored brick of the ages. The church was a rough antique, with the landings of an earlier style, and stood in the quietest, beautiful turrets and windows, but as I walked around it I espied over the churchyard wall a range of awkward angles by three long and venerable buildings. They were evidently the poor house of the town, and, with proper reference to the climate, for the lower stories were faced with covered galleries, whereof the occupants might take the air and get out of the rain upon the rain. Through the low arches of one of the galleries I saw a couple of old men sitting up and down, and on inquiring of one of them, I found it was a poor house, of very ancient endowment—the funds being devoted to the support of a certain number of aged men and widows. What else, (beside being well decently) was necessary I did not learn, for the old man and I could not learn of my informant. He uttered sentences in which his own enjoyment, and a strong little rudeness, and unglad, confused explained it well.

Selected Poetry.

ENTERING THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Hush! for my heart-blood curdles as we enter
To glide in gloom these shadowy realms about;
Oh what a scene! the round globe to its centre,
To form this awful cave, seems hollowed out!
Yet pause—no mystic word hath yet been spoken
To win us entrance to this awful sphere—
A whispered prayer must be our watchword token,
And peace—like that around us—pause unbroken
The passport here.

And now farewell, ye birds and blossoms tender,
Ye glistening leaves by morning dews empearled,
And you, ye beams that light with softened splendor
The glimmering glories of you outer world!
While thus we pause these silent arches under,
To you and yours a wild farewell we wave,
For oh! perhaps this awful spot may sunder
Our hearts from all we love—this world of wonder
May be our grave.

And yet farewell!—the faintly flickering torches
Light our lone footsteps o'er the silent sod;
And now all hail, ye everlasting arches,
Ye dark dominions of an unseen God!
Who would not for this sight the bliss surrender
Of all the beauties of yon sunny sphere,
And break the sweetest ties, however tender,
To be the witness of the silent splendor
That greets us here!

Ye glittering caves, ye high-o'erhanging arches,
A pilgrim band we glide amid your gloom,
With breathless lips and high uplifted torches,
All fancifully decked in cave costume;
Far from the day's glad beams, and songs, and flowers,
We've come with spell-touched hearts, ye countless caves,
To glide enchanted, for a few brief hours,
Through the calm beauty of your awful bowers
And o'er your waves!

Beautiful cave! that all my soul entrances,
Known as the Wonder of the West so long,
Oh 'twere a fate beyond my wildest fancies,
Could I but shrine you now as such in song!
But 'tis in vain—the untaught child of Nature,
I cannot vest the thoughts that through me flow,
Yet none the less is graved thine every feature
Upon the wild imaginative creature
That hails you now!

Palace of Nature! with a poet's fancies
I've oftimes pictured thee in dreams of bliss,
And glorious scenes were given to my fancies,
But never gazed I on a scene like this!
Compared with thine, what are the awful wonders
Of the deep, fathomless, unbounded sea?
Of the storm-cloud whose lance of lightning sunders
The solid oak?—or even thine awful thunders,
Niagara!

Hark! hear ye not those echoes ringing after

...

London. Yes, I know. Then, you think, you couldn't go to your filthy club—that's it. Then you'd be obliged to be at home, like any other decent man. Whereas, you might, if you liked, enjoy yourself under your own apple-tree, and I'm sure I should never say anything about your tobacco out of doors. My only wish is to make you happy, Caudle, and you won't let me do it.

"You don't speak, love? Shall I look about a house to-morrow? It will be a broken day with me, for I'm going out to have little pet's ears bored—What? You won't have her ears bored? And why not, I should like to know? It's a barbarous, savage custom? Oh, Mr. Caudle! the sooner you go away from the world, and live in a cave, the better. You're getting not fit for Christian society. What next? My ears were bored and—what? So are yours? I know what you mean—but that's nothing to do with it. My ears, I say, were bored, and so were dear mother's, and grandmother's before her; and I suppose there were no more savages in our family than in yours, Mr. Caudle? Besides, —why should little pet's ears go naked, any more than any of her sisters? They wore ear-rings,—you never objected before. What? You've learned better now? Yes, that's all with your filthy politics again. You'd shake all the world up in a dice box, if you'd your way: not that you care a pin about the world, only you'd like to get a better throw for yourself,—that's all. But little pet shall be bored, and don't think to prevent it. I suppose she's to be married some day, as well as her sisters! And who'll look at a girl without ear rings, I should like to know? If you knew anything of the world, you'd know what a nice diamond ear ring will sometimes do—when one can get it—before this. But I know why you can't abide ear rings now; Miss Prettyman doesn't wear 'em; she would—I've no doubt—if she could only get 'em. Yes,—it's Miss Prettyman, who—

"There, Caudle, now be quiet, and I'll say no more about pet's ears at present. We'll talk when you're reasonable. I don't want to put you out of temper, goodness! And so, love, about the cottage! What? 'Twill be so far from business? But it needn't be far, dearest. Quite a nice distance; so that on your late nights, you may always be at home, have your supper, get to bed, and all by eleven. Eh,—sweet one?"

"I don't know what I answered," says Caudle, "but I know this; in less than a fortnight I found myself in a sort of a green bird cage of a house, which my wife—gentle satirist!—insisted upon calling 'The Turtle Dovery.'"

The Old World.

...

WOMAN.

"HEAVEN'S LAST BEST GIFT TO MAN."

When star-light gilds the brow of night,
And zephyrs softly sigh,
The orb that shines with brightest light,
Attracts the seaman's eye;
But should the angry winds come forth,
And waves more rudely jar,
He turns at once toward the north,—
For there's his guiding star!

And thus, though Pleasure's circean power
Awhile the breast may thrill,
Whene'er the storms of sorrow lower,
We turn to woman still!
Her love's a light whose constant beam
Illumes life's stormy years,
Sheds o'er the heart a sunny gleam,
And gilds our very tears.

This earth till gentle woman smiled,
And back in darkness rolled,
Like snow on some untrodden wild,
Was pure, but oh, how cold!
Our hearts are lit by woman's eyes,
As stars light up the sea;
Her love their vital warmth supplies,—
Her voice their melody!

Translations.

THE GENTLE MAIDEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF S. HENRY BERTHOUD.

Heaven be praised, the coucous* have almost entirely disappeared from the neighborhood of Paris! In a few years, not a trace will be left of these detestable vehicles. Under pretence of conveying travellers, these horrible machines subject unhappy mortals to the most dreadful jeltings; keep them, besides, in a constant cloud of dust, and exposed to the hottest rays of the sun, as well as to every passing shower; and again, do not furnish the least protection against the winter's cold. Strange solution of that problem, how one can continue to move without advancing, it takes them two hours to travel a single league! And then, too, the surly driver, the broken winded and sorry horses, the seats, mere planks, only planed down, the stocks in which one was compelled to keep his feet. With only a few alterations, the coucous would have served an executioner in the middle age, as a fearful instrument of torture.

It was in one of these contrivances of affliction, on one rainy morning, that an individual was obliged to take a seat, in consequence of an accident that had happened to his own carriage. He submitted to the misfortune with a joyous, and almost child-like resignation...

...

tal of fifteen thousand francs, left her by her mother. If I was alone in the world, I would, long since, have left her, that I might not ruin my benefactress; but these two children prevent me—I have not the courage to do so. Must I take them to the hospital, sir?—my daughter's children to the hospital!"

Whilst Marguerite was speaking, Maria stood, with her eyes upon the ground, confused and ashamed, as if what she was telling had not been to her credit.

"I was an orphan: I could not live alone, and without some one to love," interrupted she, as if to excuse herself. "Marguerite watches over me—her children love me—ought I not to feel under obligations to them, sir?"

"You are a good girl, Maria," replied he, much moved. "You deserve that others should take an interest in you; and I will now prove how much I take in you, by giving you a little scolding. Yes, by scolding you. Listen to me, my little friend; you should not thus travel alone in public carriages."

"Sir," interrupted Marguerite, "she has been for the last eight days to work, as a seamstress, at the house of the Marchioness de St. Vincent, who employs her."

"That is all very well, but recollect, Maria, that you ought not to converse with fellow travellers whom you do not know, and still less make nosegays with them; and moreover, a young girl ought not to permit a person, whom she does not know, to conduct her in a carriage. God has this time thrown into your way a man in whom your beauty and your innocence have only inspired such respect and admiration as we feel for angels. But there are many others who would have made an unworthy return for your confiding frankness. Be then, for the future, more prudent and silent, when you ride in a coucou, and even suffer your pretty bonnet to be spoiled, rather than invite a stranger to your house. Now as a reward for my lesson, let me kiss this fair brow, and the fat cheeks of these charming little girls, who call you mother." He pressed his lips upon the forehead of Maria, slipped two pieces of gold into the hands of the two children, and departed without leaving his name.

"That is a very kind man," said Maria.

"Let us pray for him to-night," added Marguerite, "for he has given you good advice, my child."

Maria expected to see again the unknown, who had been so kind to her. But eight months passed without his coming again, and they were very painful ones for the poor girl! During their long and trying duration, she shed nearly as many tears as in those days of distress, when she saw her mother slowly dying before her. Old Marguerite fell sick first, after her the two young girls, Lydia and Zenais, took their turns. Maria was obliged to take care of all three, and was unable to leave their bedside either by night or by day. When at length it pleased God to put an end to these painful trials, and...

...

A month passed away. One morning, Cuvier came to make his protegee a visit. As he came out, a young man, of good personal appearance, dressed in deep mourning, was standing by his carriage.

"Excuse me, sir, for the liberty I take; but may I crave the honor of conversing with you? It is something that concerns Miss Maria."

Cuvier desired him to step into the carriage and take a seat by his side. The young man informed him that his name was Philip T——; that he was a journeyman printer, and that he loved Maria, and desired to marry her.

"I am not without means," said he; "I have a small income, amounting to a thousand francs;—besides which I earn seven francs a day, by working for my employer. Besides, sir, I lead a very correct life, and have been well educated. I would make Miss Maria happy; at least I would do my best."

Cuvier left him, and re-ascended the stairs to Maria.

"A young man, your opposite neighbor, desires to speak with you."

A blush of scarlet covered the cheeks of the young girl.

"Come, this is at least a good sign for him," added the naturalist; "I need not tell you, I see, that he loves you, and asks your hand in marriage."

"My kind protector," replied Maria, "recovering from her first emotion, after a few minutes silence, "such a proposal from a worthy man, who wishes to make me his wife, and who makes that proposal through you, can only be regarded as an honor. But before I give my answer, let me tell you a few circumstances—or rather, when you have heard them, you will be so kind as to decide for me!"

"My father was a merchant, he dealt in fancy goods; he married my mother, who was well connected; the marriage met with much opposition from the families of both. This led to much sorrow, and to many dreadful scenes. Both sunk under them, and left me an orphan and alone in the world. Although thus deserted by my kindred, and although poor, sir, I hesitate to marry one who is only a journeyman. If it is wrong, sir, to feel so, I will overcome this feeling. I look to you, sir, for advice."

"I will report our conversation to Philip, and leave it to his decision."

He returned to the young man, and related to him the whole: he heard it with downcast head.

"Sir," said he at length, "entreat Maria to wait for me two years, before she thinks of marrying another. I beg of her that favor, in the name of her mother and mine, who are watching their children from above. By that time I shall have won, I hope, a name and a condition in life worthy of her.'

Cuvier once more ascended the four pair of stairs to Maria, to report the answer of Philip.

...

THE LOST WIG.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburg, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wig, and cravats, at their houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlor windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened, one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His lordship had just popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Damocles, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner had the girls perceived what sort of a landing place their kitten had found, then in terror and surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror, of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between, altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke, soon explained and pardoned; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait, for honest men's wigs.—*Magnet.*

Choice Selections.

GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a...

...

The Olio.

LIFE.

Life is onward: use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly—choose it,
And its warfare claim.

Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward: never
Look upon the past;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.

Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please,
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward: try it,
Ere the day is lost;
It hath virtue—buy it,
At whatever cost.

If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward: heed it,
In each varied dress;
Your own act can speed it,
On to happiness.

His bright pinion o'er you,
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chant before you,
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward: prize it,
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh! do not despise it,
In its humblest form.

Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through Life's darkest weather
Beckon on the soul.

MISS BREMER.

We have had several notices of the personal appearance and traits of this lady in our paper, but the following may not be uninteresting to the admirers of her writings:

Frederica Bremer was born in the year 1802. After the death of her father, a rich merchant and proprietor of mines, she resided at Schonen, and subsequently with a female friend in Norway. She now lives with her mother and sister alternately in the Norrlands Gaten, at Stockholm, or at their country seat, at Arsta. If I were to talk to you about Miss Bremer's romances you would laugh at me, for you are doubtless ten times better acquainted...

...

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL, RHEUMATISM, OBSTINATE CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, OR PUSTULES ON THE FACE, BLOTCHES, BILES, CHRONIC SORE EYES, RING WORM OR TETTER, SCALD HEAD, ENLARGEMENT AND PAIN OF THE BONES AND JOINTS, STUBBORN ULCERS, SYPHILITIC SYMPTOMS, SCIATICA, OR LUMBAGO, AND DISEASES ARISING FROM AN INJUDICIOUS USE OF MERCURY, ASCITES, OR DROPSY, EXPOSURE OR IMPRUDENCE IN LIFE. ALSO, CHRONIC CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS WILL BE REMOVED BY THIS PREPARATION.

THIS MEDICINE IS CONSTANTLY PERforming almost incredible cures of diseases arising from impurities of the blood and general system. It has arrested and cured numerous cases of scrofulous affections, diseases of the skin, rheumatic gout, diseased liver, painful enlargement of the knee, elbow and wrist joints, chronic rheumatism, sore throat, chronic constitutional disorders, and various other disorders arising from impure secretions. In this preparation are strongly concentrated all the valuable medicinal properties of Sarsaparilla, on which its activity depends, compounded with other remedial agents, selected from the vegetable kingdom, the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle, which has cost many years of labor and much expense. The great object desired is now triumphantly accomplished, in the production of a remedy possessing a controlling power over supposed incurable diseases, heretofore unknown in the history of medicine.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary:

NANTUCKET, Mass., 8th mo. 31, 1844.

A. B. & D. SANDS—Esteemed Friends: Although an entire stranger to you, I do not feel at liberty any longer to defer the acknowledgment of a great indebtedness to you for your invaluable Sarsaparilla which has been the means, under a kind Providence, of my inexpressible relief. I am also urged to this acknowledgment by reflecting, that by my humble testimony hundreds of sufferers, miserable as I have been, may be induced to try this remedy, and experience a cure as speedy and happy as mine. For ten years I have been suffering under a scrofulous affection of the Bones in my head, and during a great part of this time, my pain and sufferings were so severe, that but for a reliance on the Great Disposer of events, I should have desired, and much preferred death itself. At different periods during my sickness, twenty pieces of bone have been taken from my head in various ways, besides all my upper teeth, and the entire upper jaw, rendering the mastication of food quite impossible. After expending about six hundred dollars for medical aid, I had recourse to your justly celebrated Sarsaparilla, and within the last three months the use of twelve bottles has, with the most beneficial operation, completely arrested the disease; the healing process is going forward, and I am rapidly approaching to a perfect cure. Being extremely anxious that others laboring under similar complaints, may have the advantage of my experience, ...

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